

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 368.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1824.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Warreniana; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Editor of a Quarterly Review. 12mo. pp. 208. London 1824. Longman & Co.

This is a merry jeu d'esprit after the manner of the *Rejected Addresses*; and being unimpeached by angry reflections or painful personalities, may raise a laugh even among those who are paraphrased or parodied. It consists of puffs of Warren's Blacking, in imitation of the several styles of Mr. Gifford,* Washington Irvine, Wordsworth, Hogg, L. Hunt, C. Mill, Southey, C. H. Townsend, Barry Cornwall, Blackwood's and the New Monthly Magazines, Byron, Coleridge, the Times and John Bull Newspapers, and Sir W. Scott; with an Appendix by the fictitious Editor. These are cleverly done, as we trust the following selections from among the leading and best known writers will show:—

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE. BY R. S.

Last eve as I sate in my room that looks o'er the church of Saint Clement, [upon business,] (Nota Bene: I had but of late arrived in town I ordered my boots for a walk, my boots that, polished and pointed, [ren's jet blacking:] Bright on their surface display the beauty of Warren—Now you must know that my man, in his speed to reply to my summons, Brought me my Wellington boots, but never once thought of the boot-hooks; [reflections,] So to allay my spleen by calm and ennobling Such as might wile the time disturb'd by my valet's omission, [Warren.] I sate me down in a chair, and thus apostrophised "Pontiff of modern art! whose name is as noted as mine is, [of manhood,] Noted for talent and skill, and the cardinal virtues Receive this tribute of praise from one whose applause is an honour. [Goths, and] I am he who sang of Roderick, the last of the Gothic; enough it was, I'm told, in metre and meaning; Thalaba too was mine, that wild and wondrous Madoc and Joan of Arc, and the splendid curse of Kehama; [famous volumes,] If I then, the author of these and other miracles—And a laurel'd bard to boot, laud thee, oh my Warren, in epic [o'er the West end,] Verse, both peasant and peer will echo thy name And thus shall it be with the man whom S—y delighteth to honour.

— — — — —
Whilome in Limehouse docks there dwelt a youth,

Childe Higgins hight, the child of curst enmity,
Despair, shame, sin, with aye assailing tooth,
Had worn his beauty to the bone—Ah me!
A lone unloving libertine was he;
For rest of health and hope's delusive wiles,
And tossed in youth on passion's stormy sea,
He stood a wreck 'mid its deserted isles,
Where vainly pleasure wooes and syren woman smiles.

— — — — —
He left his home, his wife, without a sigh,
And trod with pilgrim-pace the Limehouse road;

* The Newspapers seem to have an intermittent disease respecting this highly gifted and estimable gentleman, and regularly report his extreme illness every three weeks, whilst he enjoys precisely the same state of health he has for several years past.—Ed.

The morn beamed laughing in the dark blue sky,
And warm the sun on post and pavement
glowed: [showed,]
Each varied mile new charms and churches
But sceptic Higgins jeered the sacred band;
For his full tide of thought with scorn o'er-
flowed,
Or deep immersed in objects grave and grand,
Dwelt on the Warren's fame, at Number Thirty,
Strand.

He passed Whitechapel in such ireful mood,
Where murdered muttons bob to every wind;
He saw the runnels red with bestial blood,
Their lazy streams through street and alley
wind:

He saw and sickened in his inmost mind, [ed,]
Felt how the heart with savage spleen ycramin-
In blood alone can strange endearment find;
But such is man (each pure affection shammed),
Mean, heartless, lawless, dull, detestable, and
damned.

A truce to thought, for attic Billingsgate
Already lures the pilgrim from his road;
Awe-struck he sees each naiaid and her mate,
Haggling for halfpence with some river god,
Her Doric dialect, beautiful as broad,
Her plump cheek redolent of ancient grease,
Her fleecy hose with yellow worsted sewed,
Recall proud Athen's days, its golden fleece,
Its academic wits, and fame that nee shall cease.

Not so thy street, Bacchan Leadenhall!
Famed for new novels, *leaden all* and dull;
'Though wags thy library "Minerva" call,
Yet very British is Minerva's skull.— [wool,
Her brainless books seem'd doom'd to gather
Or sold to vile cheese-mongers by the pound,
To scour the soulless sculleries of John Bull,
While pots and pans (not sylvan) aye surround
Each panic-stricken towe, despite its lore pro-
found.

The various streets are passed through:

Something too much of this; but now 'tis
past,
And Fleet-street spreads her busy vale below:
Lo! proud ambitious gutters hurry past,
To rival Thames in full continuous flow;
The Inner Temple claims attention now,
That Golgotha of thick and thread-bare skulls,
Where modest merit pines in chambers low,
And impudence his oar in triumph pulls
Along the stream of wealth, and snares its rich
sea-gulls.

Hail to this shrine of barristers and brass!
Of wigs and wags of learning and of lead!
Solomon's brazen temple—but alas!
With old king Log, king Solomon instead.
Ye gifted spirits of the legal dead,
Will none arise to grace degraded law?
Vain hope, despite the lore of each long head,
Satan hath found their lives a moral flaw,
And on them, bailiff-like, hath laid his ebon paw.

And thus the world is rife alone with fools,
Who clank in chains while fashion holds the
noose; [the tools]
Court, camp, and church,—what are they but
Of sin, shame, slang, buffoonery, and abuse?
Morus with man has made a lasting truce.
And hence our patriots puff,—our warriors
bray,—

Hence critics flood us with a muddy sluice
Of maudlin prose,—hence cant holds sovereign
sway, [ners pray,
And sinless saints are spurn'd, while sainted sin-

Our life is one fierce fever—death the leech
Who lulls each throb;—the has been, and to be;
The sole divine whose welcome aid can teach
The mysteries of a dread futurity.—
Come when he may, his advent will to me
Be spring and sunshine, for my soul is dark,
And o'er the billows of life's shoreless sea,
A sea uncheer'd by hope's celestial ark,
Cradled in storms and winds floats lone my little
bark.

Thus mused the Childe, as thoughtful he
drew near
The sacred shrine of Number Thirty, Strand,
And saw bright glittering in the hemisphere—
Like stars on moonny nights—a sacred band
Of words that formed the bard's cognomen—
grand
Each letter shone beneath the eye of day,
And the proud sign-boot, by spring breezes
fanned,

Shot its deep brass reflections o'er the way,
As shoots the tropic morn o'er meads of Paraguay.
Childe Higgins hied him to this bless'd
abode— [hill—

Not forked Parnassus—Crete's Olympian
Not Ilium's plain—by kings and warriors trod—
Calypso's cavern, Aganippe's rill,
Or Circe's isle famed for enchantment still—
E'er thrilled his soul with such intense delight
As thrilled it now when Warren's magic till
Thro' each shop-window gleamed upon his
sight, [night,

Clear as Italian dawn that gilds the brow of
But I forget—my pilgrim's shrine is won—

Farewell—a word that must be and hath
been—

Ye dolphin dames who turn from blue to grey,
Ye dandy drones who charm each festive scene
With brainless buzz, and frolic in your May,
Ye ball-room bards who live your little day,
And ye who flushed in purse parade the town,
Booted or shod—to you my Muse would say,
"BUY WARREN'S BLACKING," as ye hope to
crown [down,
Your senseless souls or soulless senses with re-

THE DREAM.

A Psychological Curiosity.

Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock:
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.

If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren the manufacturer rich
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,
She barketh her chorus of bow, wow, wow:
How for the quarters, and how for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all-arrayed in its shroud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandelier of night,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
Like a village queen on the birth of May;
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock,
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock;
But louder, far louder, he listed a roar
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Bang, bang, with a pause between,
Rang the weird sound at his door, I ween.

Up from his couch he leaped in affright,
Oped his grey lattice and looked on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a sprite,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter, with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she,
Ugly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet two,
In breadth exactly two feet six,
One eye as summer skies was blue,
The other black as the waves of Styx.
Her bloodless lips did aught but pair,
For one was brown and one was fair,
And clattered like maid in hysterical fit,
Or jack that turneth a kitchen spit;
Jesu Maria! with awe, I trow,
O'Warren beheld this wretched,
For dreary and dun the death hue came
O'er her cheek, as she traced the words of flame;
The words of flame that with mystic fust
Are hatched from a still-born incubus,
And doom each wight who reads, to dwell
Till the birth of day in the caves of hell.

Oh! read thee not, read thee not, lord of the
Strand,
The spell that subjects thee to elfin command;
Vain hope! the bogle hath marked her hour,
And Warren hath read the words of power;
Letter by letter he traced the spell,
Till the sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,
And the midnight howl of the mastiff bitch,
Announced his doom to the Hallowmass witch.
Still in her grandeur she stood by,
Like an oak that uplooketh to sun and sky;
Then shouted to Warren with fitful breath;
"I'm old mother Nightmare-life-in-death;
Hullo! hullo! we may not stay,
Satan is waiting; away, away;
Hullo! hullo! we've far to go,
Then hey for the devil; jee-up! jee-hoe —"

O'Warren requested a little delay,
But the evil one muttered "too late, by my fay;"
So he put on his breeches and scampered away.

They arrive at their destination, and find
Satan at home:

Proudly he strode to his palace gate, [state,
Which the witch and the Warren approached in
But paused at the threshold as onward they came,
And thus, with words of fever and flame,
The tradesman addressed, "Your name, Sir, is
known

As a vender of *sables* wide over the town;
But in hell with proviso this praise we must mix,
For though brilliant your blacking, the water of
Styx

Is blacker by far, and can throw, as it suits,
A handsomer gloss o'er our shoes and our boots."

Answered the Warren, with choleric eye,
"Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi!
The sneer of a fiend to your puffs you may fix,
But if, what is worse, you assert that your Styx
Surpasses my blacking, 'twas clear he was vexed.)
By Jove! you will ne'er stick at any thing next.
I have dandies who laud me at Paine's and Al-
mack's,

Despite Day and Martin, those emulous quacks,
And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
That my blacking is better than any black sea
Which flows thro' your paltry Avernus, I wis,"
"Pshaw," Satan replied, "I'll be d—d if it is."

The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful sneer,
And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
Of the gathering demons, blue, yellow, and pink,
A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
With the waves of the Styx in a jiffy they tried it,
But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it;
"You mote as well like the summer sky,
Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish sty;
The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
As your lily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;

And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
He wrathfully challenged his foe to a box;
Then summoned each demon to form a ring,
And witness his truculent triumphing.—
The ring was formed and the twain set to,
Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew.
Satan was seconded in a crack,
By Molineux, the American black,
(Who sported an oath as a civil Salám,) [Sam.
While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch
Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
Wild as a colt o'er the moorland thut strays,
Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
In shapely pugilistic verse,
(Albeit my fancy preferreth still
The quiet of nature,) this desperate Mill.

THE FIGHT.

Both men on peeling showed nerve and bone,
And weighed on an average fourteen stone;
Doffed their silk fogle, for battle agog,
Yellowman, eastor, and white upper log;
Then sparred for a second their ardor to cool,
And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

ROUNDS.

1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob
Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's nob;
Then followed him over the ring with ease,
And doubled him up by a blow in the *squeeze*.
2. Satan was cautious in making play,
But stuck to his sparring and pummelled away;
Till the *ogles* of Warren looked *queer* in their
hue,
(Here, bets upon Beelzebub; three to two.)
3. *Fibblings*, and *facers*, and *toppers* abound,
But Satan, it seems, hath the worst of the
round.
4. Satan was floored by a *lunge* in the hip,
And the blood from his peepers, went drip,
drip, drip,
Like fat from a goose in the dripping-pan,
Or ale from the brim of a flowing can;
His *box of dominos* chattered aloud,
(Here, "Go it, Nick!" from an imp in the
crowd.) [back,
And he dropped with a *Lancashire purr* on his
White Bob with a *clincher* fell over him,
whack.
5. Both men *piping* came up to the *scratch*,
But Bob for Abaddon was more than a match;
He *tapped* his *claret*, his mug he rent,
And made him so *groggy* with *punishment*,
That he gladly gave in at the close of the
round, [ground.
And Warren in triumph was led from the

The Pilot; a Tale of the Sea. By the Author
of "The Spy," "Pioneers," &c. &c. 12mo.
3 vols. London 1824. J. Miller.

We briefly noticed this republication of an
American Novel by Mr. Cooper, one of the
most popular authors of that country, among
the Literary Notices in our last *Gazette*. We
have since had time to finish our perusal of
it, and find, with a good deal to censure,
much to praise. The story, for example, is
altogether improbable; but most of the char-
acters are admirably drawn—drawn, we will
venture to say, from realities in life, and not
imagined by the limner. Some, however,
belong too much to the line of extravagance
so common to this species of composition; as
the Pilot (the person who gives the work its
name) is an idealized Paul Jones, who sinks
about commanding ships of war where he is
unknown, quelling daring spirits by his eye,
subduing battles by his voice, and making
winds and waves obedient to his extraordinary
powers. It was to be expected from an
American writer that all the Americans who
figure on his page should be heroes; and so
they are in the *Tale of the Sea* accordingly,

from the commander of a frigate to the mean-
est marine, from Long Tom Coffin, the boats-
wain, (about seven feet high,) to Andrew
Merry, or Merry Andrew the Middy, (about
half that height, but equally every inch a hero.)
The great merit of the Novel, however, lies
in the group of sea characters which its
action displays, as two American ships (the
frigate and *Ariel* schooner) attempt during
the revolutionary war a bold descent to alarm
the north-east coast of England, and carry off
hostage prisoners. In executing this perilous
freak, the boats' parties fall in with a Colonel
Howard, a hearty loyalist, who has retired
from America, and settled on this coast at a
place called St. Ruth's Abbey; and, opportu-
nely for the manufacture of the story, has
two nieces with him, who are the adored of
Griffiths, the first lieutenant of the frigate,
and Barnstable, the commander of the *Ariel*.
The scene being thus un-cunningly laid, the
whole adventures consist of dangers of the
ships at sea from storm and battle, and dangers
of those who land from them with the design
of carrying off the inmates of St. Ruth's. This
is finally accomplished, though the Abbey is
ably defended by a certain malignant Kit
Dillon and a bluff Captain Boroughcliffe,
and squad of soldiers; but in the course of
the affair about three-fourths of the dramatis
personae are killed off.

We do not think it would interest our read-
ers to go through the hair-breadth 'scapes of
this eventful history, which we presume em-
bodies, together with a fair share of romance,
many circumstances which the author may
have met in his naval career; for we under-
stand he has served in the navy, and the
use of sea-terms in a way inexplicable to
landsmen, except by guess and context, cor-
roborates the report. We shall therefore
enable them to form their opinion, by ex-
tracting a few of the passages which seem to
us best calculated to do justice to Mr. Cooper's
talent and illustrate his volumes.

In the second volume he has treated his
countrymen with an imaginary sea-fight off
the British shore, in which the *Ariel* captures
the *Alacrity* cutter, a vessel of equal force.
As this is a striking compensation for the ac-
tual loss of the *Chesapeake* under similar cir-
cumstances, we copy its prominent traits for
the benefit of both nations. Long Tom has
fired the first shot.

"Although many curious eyes were watch-
ing this beautiful sight from the cliffs, there
was too little of novelty in the exhibition to
attract a single look of the crew of the
schooner, from the more important examina-
tion of the effect of the shot on their enemy.
Barnstable sprang lightly on a gun, and
watched the instant when the ball would
strike, with keen interest, while long Tom
threw himself aside from the line of the
smoke, with a similar intention; holding one
of his long arms extended towards his name-
sake, with a finger on the vent, and support-
ing his frame by placing the hand of the
other on the deck, as his eyes glanced through
an opposite port-hole, in an attitude that most
men might have despaired of imitating with
success.

"There go the chips!" cried Barnstable.
"Bravo! Master Coffin, you never planted
iron in the ribs of an Englishman with more
judgment; let him have another piece of it,
and if he like the sport, we'll play a game of
long bowls with him!"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain,
who, the instant he witnessed the effects of

his shot, had returned to superintend the re-loading of his gun; 'if he holds on half an hour longer, I'll dub him down to our own size, when we can close, and make an even fight of it.'

"The drum of the Englishman was now, for the first time, heard rattling across the waters, and echoing the call to quarters, that had already proceeded from the *Ariel*."

"Ah! you have sent him to his guns!" said Barnstable; "we shall now hear more of it; wake him up, Tom—wake him up."

"We shall start him an end, or put him to sleep altogether, shortly," said the deliberate cockswain, who never allowed himself to be at all hurried, even by his commander. "My shot are pretty much like a shoal of porpoises, and commonly sail in each others' wake. Stand by—heave her breach forward—so; get out of that, you d—d young reprobate, and let my harpoon alone."

"What are you at, there, Master Coffin?" cried Barnstable; "are you tongue-tied?"

"Here's one of the boys skylarking with my harpoon in the lee scuppers, and by-and-by, when I shall want it most, there'll be a no-man's-land to hunt for it in."

"Never mind the boy, Tom; send him aft here to me, and I'll polish his behaviour; give the Englishman some more iron."

"I want the little villain to pass up my cartridges," returned the angry old seaman; "but if you'll be so good, sir, as to hit him a crack or two, now and then, as he goes by you, to the magazine, the monkey will learn his manners, and the schooner's work will be all the better done for it. A young herring-faced monkey! to meddle with a tool ye don't know the use of. If your parents had spent more of their money on your education, and less on your outfit, you'd ha' been a gentleman to what ye are now."

"Hurrah! Tom, hurrah!" cried Barnstable, a little impatiently; "is your namesake never to open his throat again?"

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready," grumbled the cockswain, "depress a little; so—so; a d—d young baboon-behaved curmudgeon; overhaul that forward fall more; stand by with your match—but I'll pay him! fire." This was the actual commencement of the fight; for as the shot of Tom Coffin travelled, as he had intimated, very much in the same direction, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence; and the report of the second gun from the *Ariel*, was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the *Alacrity*. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance, and as one or two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner, and fall back, innocuously, into the water, the cockswain, whose good humour became gradually restored, as the combat thickened, remarked, with his customary apathy—

"Them count for no more than love taps—does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes?"

"Stir him up, Tom! every blow you give him will help to open his eyes," cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee, as he witnessed the success of his efforts to close."

They do close, and the fight proceeds—

"The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him."

"Away there, boarders! repel boarders on the starboard quarter!" shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

"This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument, for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and seizing his sabre, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small arms."

"Sweep him from his decks!" cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks, surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; "drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!"

"Away there, marines!" retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; "leave not a man of them to sup his grog again."

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order, nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter, and the commander of the *Alacrity*, perceiving that he stood alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

"Board her! grey beards and boys, idlers and all!" shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew. . . .

"They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage, with much bloodshed, to the fore-castle of the *Alacrity*. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted—he rallied his crew and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes, and blows of sabres were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols were constantly discharged by those who were kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants."

"Barnstable led his men, in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies, as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline towards either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiving that the ground he maintained in person was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men. A marine, who preceded him, levelled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants, and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow; shaking his piece with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle, and buried his own keen weapon in his heart."

"Hurrah!" shouted the unconscious Barnstable, from the edge of the quarter deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. "Revenge—long Tom and victory!"

"We have them!" exclaimed the Englishman; "handle your pikes! we have them between two fires."

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a wild looking figure appeared in the cutter's channels at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny ele-

ment, from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and with a powerful effort, pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

"Starn all!" cried Tom, by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt, on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the *Alacrity* brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness, when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*."

This Long Tom is the lower-class hero of the piece, and not unworthy the pen of Smollett; but Tom's adventures are generally too long for our columns; and we will try to extract two or three slight bits of sea pictures, which do credit to the author's talents. Merry, the boy, is singing during a gale, which Tom knows to be boding the utmost danger, and he thus expresses a seaman's superstition—"that Captain Barnstable would please to call Mr. Merry from the gun; for I know from having followed the seas my natural life, that singing in a gale is sure to bring the wind down upon a vessel the heavier; for He who rules the tempests is displeased that man's voice shall be heard, when He chooses to send His own breath on the water."

Again—"We have no hope left us, but to anchor; our ground tackle may yet bring her up." Tom turned to his commander, and replied, solemnly, and with that assurance of manner that long experience only can give a man in moments of great danger—

"If our sheet-cable was bent to our heaviest anchor, this sea would bring it home, though nothing but her launch was riding by it. A north-easter in the German ocean must and will blow itself out; nor shall we get the crown of the gale until the sun falls over the land. Then, indeed, it may lull; for the winds do often seem to reverence the glory of the heavens, too much to blow their might in its very face!"

The *Ariel* is driven on the rocks, the crew take to the boat, and Tom and Dillon perish. We prefer to this tale of horror a sample of sea jokes, as the inhabitants of St. Ruth's, including two black servants, are marched down to be embarked prisoners:

— "Who's that, I say, raising that cry among ye?"

"The wilful young man slowly removed his two hands from the woolly polls of the slaves, but as he suffered them to fall reluctantly along their sable temples, he gave the ear of one of the blacks a tweak that caused him to give vent to another cry, that was uttered with a much greater confidence of sympathy than before."

"Do ye hear, there!" repeated Merry, "who's sky-larking with those negroes?"

"'Tis no one, Sir," the sailor answered with affected gravity; "one of the pale faces has lit his shin against a cob-web, and it has made his ear ache!"

"Harkye, you mister Jack Joker! how

came you in the midst of the prisoners? did not I order you to handle your pike, Sir, and to keep in the outer line?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, you did; and I obeyed orders as long as I could; but these niggers have made the night so dark, that I lost my way!"

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Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.
And in these dreary walls I pine,
Or I would make the treasure mine.
But be it squire, or be it knight,
Who brings it here to me,
Behold this jewel, blazing bright,
His guardien it shall be.

THE ROSE.

Beneath thy grated window's seat,
Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom amid my kindred sweet,
The sweetest of them all.
And surely then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh,
For whom they wake the song.

KNIGHT.

To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow,
The sweetest breath was given,
The brightest hue that decks the bow
That spans the arch of heaven.
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
As radiant as her own;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
For whom I make my moan.

THE LILY.

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plain;
The lily's humbler charms surpass'd
The pomp of Judah's reign.
Each heart where virtuous passions rise
And chaste emotions lie,
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
The flower of purity.

KNIGHT.

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm.

THE CARNATION.

The warder of this haughty tower
Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation's flower
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories drest,
My varied petals bloom,
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT.

Yes, foster'd by the care of man,
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly and of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.

VIOLET.

From the far covert of the grove
All humble I implore;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade,
To culture or to kill,
The shelter of the wild wood's shade
That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT.

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.
Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fix'd its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-me-not.
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair;
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

THE GRAVE.

The grave all still and darkling lies
Beneath its hallow'd ground,
And dark the mists to human eyes
That float its precincts round.
No music of the grove invades
That dark and dreary way;
And fast the votive flow'et fades
Upon its heaving clay.
And vain the tear in beauty's eye—
The orphan's groan is vain:
No sound of clamorous agony
Shall pierce its gloomy reign.
Yet that oblivion of the tomb
Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
The weary wretch retire.
The bark by ceaseless storms oppress'd
Runs madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
Where where it beats no more.

THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH, ETC.

In proceeding with our illustration of this work, we shall content ourselves for the present week with one brief extract: it is a well digested epitome of the early Danish superstitions, as they appear in the Edda.

"The Danes were of the same race as

their northern predecessors in England, but they were far more ferocious than those tribes who conquered the country from the Romans and the Britons; and their insatiable appetite for war and carnage was inflamed by a wild and fierce mythology. This mythology was founded on the traditional belief of their predecessors; but upon that foundation an extraordinary system of fable had been constructed by the Scalds, or poets, who wrought in the old Scandinavian faith a change similar to that which was effected in Jewish theology by the Rabbis, and in the Romish belief by Monks and Friars. Perhaps, like the Bards among the Celtic tribes, the Scalds may have originally belonged to the sacerdotal class. It was their office to record in verse the actions of kings and heroes; no other histories were preserved by these nations; for though they possessed an alphabet, their state of ignorance was such that they scarcely applied it to any other use than the imaginary purposes of magic. These historical poems were recited at public ceremonies and at feasts; they served as war-songs also. This custom, according with other circumstances, made their chiefs beyond all other men ambitious of military renown; and the Scalds were liberally requited with gifts and honours for that portion of fame which it was in their power, and in theirs only, to award. The authority which they derived from their office, as historians, may not improbably account for the belief that their mythological fables obtained. Whatever the cause may have been, those fables became the belief of the people, as the theogony of Hesiod and the machinery of the Homeric poems were accredited in Greece.

"The accounts which have reached us of their system are of undoubted authenticity; and they are more complete than those of any other barbarous superstition. It acknowledged the patriarchal truth that one Almighty God hath existed for ever, by whom all things were made. Alfader, the universal parent, was the name by which he was known. Long before the earth was made, he formed Niflheim, or Evil-Vome, the abode of the wicked, in the remotest north. Opposite to this, in the remotest south, there existed a fiery region called Muspelsheim, the dominion of a dreadful being, by name Surtur, which is to say, the Black, who held in his hand a burning sword. Between the world of fire and Niflheim there was a great abyss, into which rivers of venom, rising from a fountain in the middle of hell, rolled and concreted, filling that side of the abyss with incrustated poison and ice and cold vapours; beneath which, in the interior, there were whirlwinds and tempests. On the other side, sparks and lightnings continually proceeded from the world of Surtur. Thus, there breathed always an icy wind from the north, and a fiery one from the south; in the middle of the abyss, beyond the influence of either, it was light and serene. To the north of this clear calm region the work of creation began. A breath of life went forth, and warmed the cold vapours; they resolved into drops; and by the power of him who governed, the giant Ymir was produced. A male and female sprung from under his arm during his sleep, and a son from his feet, and these begat the race of the Giants of the frost, who multiplied, and were all wicked like Ymir, their father. At the same time that Ymir was produced, the same liquefaction gave birth to the cow Oedumla, by whose

came you in the midst of the prisoners? did not I order you to handle your pike, Sir, and to keep in the outer line?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, you did; and I obeyed orders as long as I could; but these niggers have made the night so dark, that I lost my way!"

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The flower of purity.

KNIGHT.

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm.

THE CARNATION.

The warder of this haughty tower
Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation's flower
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories drest,
My varied petals bloom,
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT.

Yes, foster'd by the care of man,
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly and of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.

VIOLET.

From the far covert of the grove
All humble I implore;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade,
To culture or to kill,
The shelter of the wild wood's shade
That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT.

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.
Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-me-not.
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair;
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

THE GRAVE.

The grave all still and darkling lies
Beneath its hallow'd ground,
And dark the mists to human eyes
That float its precincts round.
No music of the grove invades
That dark and dreary way;
And fast the votive flow'ret fades
Upon its heaving clay.
And vain the tear in beauty's eye—
The orphan's groan is vain:
No sound of clamorous agony
Shall pierce its gloomy reign.
Yet that oblivion of the tomb
Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
The weary wretch retire.
The bark by ceaseless storms oppress'd
Runs madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
There where it beats no more.

THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH, ETC.

IN proceeding with our illustration of this work, we shall content ourselves for the present week with one brief extract: it is a well digested epitome of the early Danish superstitions, as they appear in the *Edda*.

"The Danes were of the same race as

their northern predecessors in England, but they were far more ferocious than those tribes who conquered the country from the Romans and the Britons; and their insatiable appetite for war and carnage was inflamed by a wild and fierce mythology. This mythology was founded on the traditional belief of their predecessors; but upon that foundation an extraordinary system of fable had been constructed by the Scalds, or poets, who wrought in the old Scandinavian faith a change similar to that which was effected in Jewish theology by the Rabbis, and in the Romish belief by Monks and Friars. Perhaps, like the Bards among the Celtic tribes, the Scalds may have originally belonged to the sacerdotal class. It was their office to record in verse the actions of kings and heroes; no other histories were preserved by these nations; for though they possessed an alphabet, their state of ignorance was such that they scarcely applied it to any other use than the imaginary purposes of magic. These historical poems were recited at public ceremonies and at feasts; they served as war-songs also. This custom, according with other circumstances, made their chiefs beyond all other men ambitious of military renown; and the Scalds were liberally requited with gifts and honours for that portion of fame which it was in their power, and in theirs only, to award. The authority which they derived from their office, as historians, may not improbably account for the belief that their mythological fables obtained. Whatever the cause may have been, those fables became the belief of the people, as the theology of Hesiod and the machinery of the Homeric poems were accredited in Greece.

"The accounts which have reached us of their system are of undoubted authenticity; and they are more complete than those of any other barbarous superstition. It acknowledged the patriarchal truth that one Almighty God hath existed for ever, by whom all things were made. Alfather, the universal parent, was the name by which he was known. Long before the earth was made, he formed Niflheim, or Evil-Vome, the abode of the wicked, in the remotest north. Opposite to this, in the remotest south, there existed a fiery region called Muspelheim, the dominion of a dreadful being, by name Surtur, which is to say, the Black, who held in his hand a burning sword. Between the world of fire and Niflheim there was a great abyss, into which rivers of venom, rising from a fountain in the middle of hell, rolled and concreted, filling that side of the abyss with incrustated poison and ice and cold vapours; beneath which, in the interior, there were whirlwinds and tempests. On the other side, sparks and lightnings continually proceeded from the world of Surtur. Thus, there breathed always an icy wind from the north, and a fiery one from the south; in the middle of the abyss, beyond the influence of either, it was light and serene. To the north of this clear calm region the work of creation began. A breath of life went forth, and warmed the cold vapours; they resolved into drops; and by the power of him who governed, the giant Ymir was produced. A male and female sprung from under his arm during his sleep, and a son from his feet, and these begat the race of the Giants of the frost, who multiplied, and were all wicked like Ymir, their father. At the same time that Ymir was produced, the same liquefaction gave birth to the cow Oedumla, by whose

milk, which flowed in rivers, the giant Ymir was fed. From the cow there sprung a man gifted with beauty and power; he was the father of Bore; and Bore, marrying the daughter of a giant, begat Odin and his two brethren, between whom and Ymir there was enmity.

"These brethren were gods; they slew Ymir, and the blood which issued from his wounds drowned all the giants of the frost, except one wise giant and his family, who escaped in a bark, and perpetuated the race of the giants. The three brethren then dragged the body of Ymir into the midst of the abyss, and of it they made the heaven and the earth. They made the water and the sea of his blood, the mountains of his bones, and the rocks of his teeth; the firmament they made of his skull, and placed four dwarfs, called East, West, North, and South, to support it at the four corners where it rested upon the earth; they tossed into the air his brains, which became clouds, and from his hair they made the herbs of the field. Then they seized fire from Muspelsheim, and placed them in the upper and lower parts of the sky, to enlighten the earth. The earth which they made was round; round about it was the deep sea, and the shores were given to the giants; but they raised a fortress, called Midgard, against the giants, which, with its circumference, surrounds the world; and in the middle of the earth they built Asgard, which is the court of the gods. There Odin had his palace called Lidskialf, the Terror of the Nations, from whence he beheld all places and all things. He and his brethren one day, as they were walking upon the shore, found two pieces of wood floating upon the waves, and taking them they made of the one a man, and a woman of the other; the man they named Aske, and the woman Emla, and these were the parents of the human race.

"But Odin took Frigga, who is the earth, his daughter, to wife, and from that marriage the Aser, that is to say, the Gods, proceeded. Their sacred city is in heaven, under the ash Ydrasil, which is the greatest of all trees, for its roots cover Niflheim, and its branches spread over the whole earth, and reach above the heavens. The way from heaven to earth is by a bridge, which is the rainbow; and at the end of that bridge Heimdall, the sentinel of the gods, hath his station to watch the giants. He sees an hundred leagues round him by night as well as by day; his hearing is so acute that he hears the wool grow on the sheep's back; and when he sounds his trumpet it is heard throughout all worlds. The souls of all who were slain in battle were received in heaven, in the palace of Odin, called Valhalla, which had five hundred and forty gates. There they passed their lives in continual enjoyment, fighting and cutting each other to pieces every morning, then returning whole to dine upon the boar Serimner, who was hunted and eaten every day, and restored to life every night that he might be ready for the morrow; their drink was ale out of the skulls of their enemies, or mead, which a she-goat produced every day, instead of milk, in quantity sufficient to inebriate them all. But this life of perfect enjoyment was not to endure for ever; for, mighty as the Gods of Valhalla were, they had enemies mighty as themselves, and who were destined to prevail over them at last.

"The most remarkable of these was

Loke; he was of the race of the giants; handsome in his person, of extraordinary ability and cunning, but wicked and malicious, and of so inconstant a temper, that he often associated with the Gods, and on many occasions extricated them from great dangers. This Loke had three dreadful offspring by a giantess. The wolf Fenris was one, the Great Serpent was the second, and Hela, or Death, the third. The Gods knew from many oracles what evils would be brought upon them by this accursed progeny, and to defer a destiny which was not to be averted, Odin sent for them from the country of the Giants. Hela he placed in Niflheim, and appointed her to govern the nine dolorous worlds, to which all who die of sickness or old age are fated. Grief is her hall, and Famine her table; Hunger her knife, Delay and Slackness her servants, Faintness her porch, and Precipice her gate; Cursing and Howling are her tent, and her bed is Sickness and Pain. The Great Serpent he threw into the middle of the ocean, but there the monster grew till with his length he encompassed the whole globe of the earth. The wolf Fenris they bred up for a while among them, and then by treachery bound him in an enchanted chain, fastened it to a rock, and sunk him deep into the earth. The Gods also imprisoned Loke in a cavern, and suspended a snake over his head, whose venom fell drop by drop upon his face. The deceit and cruelty which the Gods used against this race, could not, however, change that order of events, which the oracles had foretold. That dreadful time, which is called the Twilight of the Gods, must at length arise; Loke and the wolf Fenris will then break loose, and, with the Great Serpent, and the Giants of the frost, and Surtur with his fiery sword, and all the powers of Muspelsheim, pass over the bridge of heaven, which will break beneath them. The Gods, and all the heroes of Valhalla, will give them battle. Thor, the strongest of the race of Odin, will slay the Great Serpent, but he himself suffocated by the floods of poison which the monster vomits forth. Loke and Heimdall will kill each other. The wolf Fenris, after devouring the Sun, will devour Odin also, and himself be rent in pieces by Vidar, the son of Odin; and Surtur, with his fires, will consume the whole world, Gods, heroes, and men, perishing in the conflagration. Another and better earth will afterwards arise, another Sun, other Gods, and a happier race of men.

"Such is the brief outline of that mythology which is detailed in the Edda. It had grown up in the interval between the Saxon conquest and the first Danish invasions. The deified progenitors of the Anglo-Saxon kings were here converted into beings, wholly mythological; and, except in their names, there appears to have existed little or no resemblance between the earlier and later religion of these kindred nations. How much of the fabulous superstructure was intended to be believed by those who framed it, or how much was actually believed, cannot, at this distance of time, be determined. Possibly, as among the Greeks, and as perhaps was the case with many Monkish legends, tales which were invented in mere sport of fancy, obtained a credit that had neither been designed nor foreseen, but which was allowed to prevail by those who found advantage in its prevalence. There were some daring spirits who disbelieved

such Gods, and openly defied them; but such darings arose from the excess of that ferocious spirit which the system itself produced and fostered; for, monstrous as the mythology is, it had a dreadful effect upon the national character."

COWPER'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

WE have nothing to do but to continue our extracts from these interesting volumes; dividing them, for variety's sake, into the playful, the grave, and the literary and miscellaneous. To the first class the following belong:

"I have at last read the second volume of Mr. —'s work, and had some hope that I should prevail with myself to read the first likewise. I began his book at the latter end, because the first part of it was engaged when I received the second; but I had not so good an appetite as a soldier of the Guards, who, I was informed when I lived in London, would for a small matter eat up a cat alive, beginning at her tail and finishing with her whiskers." —

"I send a cucumber, not of my own raising, and yet raised by me.

Solve this enigma, dark enough

To puzzle any brains

That are not downright puzzle-proof,

And eat it for your pains.

"— "I raised the seed that produced the plant that produced the fruit, that produced the seed that produced the fruit I sent you. This latter seed I gave to the gardener of Terningham, who brought me the cucumber you mention. Thus you see I raised it—that is to say, I raised it virtually by having raised its progenitor; and yet I did not raise it, because the identical seed from which it grew was raised at a distance." —

"Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, It may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was: time makes great alterations. They who know me better will say perhaps, Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man. And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye, with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose, the original was full in his view when he made the attempt." —

"We felt ourselves not the less obliged to you for the cocoa-nuts, though they were good for nothing. They contained nothing but a putrid liquor with a round white lump, which in taste and substance much resembled tallow, and was of the size of a small walnut. Nor am I the less indebted to your kindness for the fish, though none is yet come." —

Cocoa-nut naught,

Fish too dear,

None must be bought

For us that are here.

No lobster on earth,

That ever I saw,

To me would be worth

Sixpence a claw.

* 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

So, dear Madam, wait
Till fish can be got
At a reasonable rate,
Whether lobster or not;
Till the French and the Dutch
Have quitted the seas,
And then send as much
And as oft as you please."

"I forgot to mention that Johnson uses the discretion my poetship has allowed him, with much discernment. He has suggested several alterations, or rather marked several defective passages, which I have corrected much to the advantage of the poems. In the last sheet he sent me, he noted three such, all which I have reduced into better order. In the foregoing sheet, I assented to his criticisms in some instances, and chose to abide by the original expression in others. Thus we jog on together comfortably enough; and perhaps it would be as well for authors in general, if their booksellers, when men of some taste, were allowed, though not to tinker the work themselves, yet to point out the flaws, and humbly to recommend an improvement."

"To Mrs. NEWTON.

September 16, 1781.

A noble theme demands a noble verse,
In such I thank you for your fine oysters.
The barrel was magnificently large,
But being sent to Olney at free charge,
Was not inserted in the driver's list,
And therefore overlook'd, forgot, or miss'd;
For when the messenger whom we dispatch'd
Enquired for oysters, Hob his noddle scratch'd;
Denying that his wagon or his wain
Did any such commodity contain.
In consequence of which, your welcome boom
Did not arrive till yesterday at noon;
In consequence of which some chanced to die,
And some, though very sweet, were very dry.
Now Madam says (and what she says must still
Deserve attention, say she what she will,)
That what we call the Diligence, be-case
It goes to London with a swifter pace,
Would better suit the carriage of your gift,
Returning downward with a pace as swift;
And therefore recommends it with this aim—
To save at least three days,—the price the same;
For though it will not carry or convey [may],
For less than twelve pence, send what'er you
For oysters bred upon the salt sea shore,
Pack'd in a barrel, they will charge no more.

News have I none that I can deign to write,
Save that it rain'd prodigiously last night;
And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,
Caught in the first beginning of the show'r;
But walking, running, and with much ado,
Got home—just time enough to be wet through.
Yet both are well, and, wond'rous to be told,
Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold;
And wishing just the same good hap to you,
We say, good Madam, and good Sir, Adieu!"

We now come to selections of a graver cast:

"The season is wonderfully improved with in this day or two; and if these cloudless skies are continued to us, or rather if the cold winds do not set in again, promises you a pleasant excursion, as far, at least, as the weather can conduce to make it such. You seldom complain of too much sunshine, and if you are prepared for an heat somewhat like that of Africa, the south walk in our long garden will exactly suit you. Reflected from the gravel, and from the walls, and beating upon your head at the same time, it may possibly make you wish you could enjoy for an hour or two that immensity of shade afforded by the gigantic trees still growing in the land of your captivity. If you could spend a day now and then in those forests, and return with a wish to England, it would be no small

addition to the number of your best pleasures. But *penna non homini data*. The time will come perhaps (but death must come first) when you will be able to visit them without either danger, trouble, or expense; and when the contemplation of those well-remembered scenes will awaken in you emotions of gratitude and praise surpassing all you could possibly sustain at present. In this sense, I suppose, there is a heaven upon earth at all times, and that the disembodied spirit may find a peculiar joy arising from the contemplation of those places it was formerly conversant with, and so far, at least, be reconciled to a world it was once so weary of, as to use it in the delightful way of thankful recollection."

"While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same things, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low,—whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is indeed an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictates and adopts the change, are invariably the same. When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world is grown more reasonable than it was; but because in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes happen to be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present, a proof of its greater folly. In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hand with a crab-tree cudgel instead of it: and when he has done so, will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety, which, in reality, he has no taste for, all his merit on the occasion amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another."

"You wish you could employ your time to better purpose, yet are never idle. In all that you say or do; whether you are alone, or pay visits, or receive them; whether you think or write, or walk or sit still; the state of your mind is such as discovers even to yourself, in spite of all its wanderings, that there is a principle at bottom whose determined tendency is towards the best things. I do not at all doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pesters you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of peace with the riot-act in his hand, ready to read it, and disperse the mob. Here lies the difference between you and me. My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most part as grave as that of a bishop's servants. They turn too upon spiritual subjects, but the tallest fellow and the loudest amongst them all, is he who is continually crying with a loud voice, *Actum est de te, peristi*. You wish for more attention, I for less. Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so it were not a vicious one; but however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance. Yet with all this distressing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the slipperiness of the present hour, and the rapidity with which time escapes me. Every thing around us, and every thing that befalls us, constitutes a variety, which, whether

agreeable or otherwise, has still a thievish propensity, and steals from us days, months, and years, with such unparalleled address, that even while we say they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period, chiefly, I suppose, because at that time we act under the control of others, and are not suffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward into the vale of years, is such a declivity, that we have just an opportunity to reflect upon the steepness of it, and then find ourselves at the bottom."

"I am sorry to find that the censure I have passed upon Occidius is even better founded than I supposed. Lady Austen has been at his sabbatical concerts, which, it seems, are composed of song-tunes and psalm-tunes indiscriminately; music without words—and I suppose one may say, consequently, without devotion. On a certain occasion, when her niece was sitting at her side, she asked his opinion concerning the lawfulness of such amusements as are to be found at Vauxhall or Ranelagh; meaning only to draw from him a sentence of disapprobation, that Miss Green might be the better reconciled to the restraint under which she was held, when she found it warranted by the judgment of so famous a divine. But she was disappointed: he accounted them innocent, and recommended them as useful. Curiosity, he said, was natural to young persons; and it was wrong to deny them a gratification which they might be indulged in with the greatest safety; because the denial being unreasonable, the desire of it would still subsist. It was but a walk, and a walk was as harmless in one place as another; with other arguments of a similar import, which might have proceeded with more grace, at least with less offence, from the lips of a sensual layman. He seems, together with others of our acquaintance, to have suffered considerably in his spiritual character by his attachment to music. The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation, and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debase and befoul the natural understanding, than music; always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same."

The remaining extracts belong to our third division—

"I have no objection in the world to your conveying a copy to Dr. Johnson; though I well know that one of his pointed sarcasms, if he should happen to be displeased, would soon find its way into all companies, and spoil the sale. He writes, indeed, like a man that thinks a great deal, and that sometimes thinks religiously: but report informs me that he has been severe enough in his animadversions upon Dr. Watts, who was nevertheless, if I am in any degree a judge of verse, a man of true poetical ability; careless, indeed, for the most part, and inattentive too often to those niceties which constitute elegance of expression, but frequently an blame in his conceptions, and masterly in his execution. Pope, I have heard, had

placed him once in the Dunciad; but, on being advised to read before he judged him, was convinced that he deserved other treatment, and thrust somebody's blockhead into the gap, whose name, consisting of a monosyllable, happened to fit it. Whatever faults, however, I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of negligence. I never suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can; and though my doctrines may offend this king of critics, he will not, I flatter myself, be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy, either in the numbers, rhymes, or language. Let the rest take its chance. It is possible he may be pleased; and if he should, I shall have engaged on my side one of the best trumpeters in the kingdom. Let him only speak as favourably of me as he has spoken of Sir Richard Blackmore (who, though he shines in his poem called *Creation*, has written more absurdities in verse than any writer of our country,) and my success will be secured."

"Retirement grows, but more slowly than any of its predecessors. Time was when I could with ease produce fifty, sixty, or seventy lines in a morning: now, I generally fall short of thirty, and am sometimes forced to be content with a dozen. It consists at present, I suppose, of between six and seven hundred; so that there are hopes of an end, and I dare say Johnson will give me time enough to finish it.

I nothing add but this—that still I am
Your most affectionate and humble

WILLIAM."

"I am glad to be undeceived respecting the opinion I had been erroneously led into on the subject of Johnson's criticism on Watts. Nothing can be more judicious, or more characteristic of a distinguishing taste, than his observations upon that writer; though I think him a little mistaken in his notion, that *Divine* subjects have never been poetically treated with success. A little more Christian knowledge and experience would perhaps enable him to discover excellent poetry, upon spiritual themes, in the aforesaid little Doctor. I perfectly acquiesce in the propriety of sending Johnson a copy of my productions; and I think it would be well to send it in our joint names, accompanied with a handsome card, such an one as you will know how to fabricate, and such as may predispose him to a favourable perusal of the book, by coaxing him into a good temper; for he is a great bear, with all his learning and penetration."

SWEETINGS OF MY STUDY.

[Second Notice.]

"A Certain Cure for the Gout.—The master of a merchant-ship, on his route from Marseilles to the island of Cyprus, was fallen in with by an Algerine corsair, from which he was hailed, with a peremptory order to repair on board. He was at the time bound hand and foot with an acute attack of gout, to violent paroxysms of which he had been for several years subject. In this extremity, he sent his chief mate on board the corsair; but with his visit and apology the Algerine captain was so little satisfied, that he ordered him back to his vessel, protesting that, whether dead or alive, he would see his commander. The latter, carefully enveloped in his bedding, which was laid on a grating, was lowered into the boat, and in this trim conveyed to the pirate. The Algerines were not so ceremonious: they laid violent hands on him, brought

him to the deck, and, having lashed him to one of the guns, gave him two hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet, as the punishment of his disobedience. In proportion as the smart of the blows that had been inflicted was less sensible, the arthritic symptoms became less acute, and were subdued in a few days, without leaving in their train any degree of lameness.

"The patient on whom this happy cure was wrought, lived for many years without any return of his old troublesome companion; and it remains to be disputed whether the fright, or the blows so dexterously applied, had most to do with the prompt issue of his case, which seems to be susceptible of a useful application."

Talking of the Paris Lottery, in his recollections of France, the author relates:

"I often saw, in the Palais Royal, a *ci-devant* lackey who had burst into fortune by a lucky adventure, and who was styled *Le Chevalier Terme*. His new condition, which might have turned his brain, fitted him well, for he was neither too forward nor too shy. Many have been maddened by a prosperous event unexpectedly overtaking them; but I never heard of more than one who went mad on the occasion of his neighbour's prosperity. It happened to me that I was poisoned, at a *traiteur's* who dwelt at the back of the Louvre, with a pint of red wine, which I had strong grounds for thinking contained a powerful saturnine deposition, having been drawn from the bottom of the cask. My nerves were shaken; and I remained for some time so feeble that I could scarcely crawl about. It was recommended to me to change the air, and from the *Quartier St. Jacques* I placed myself *en pension* at a boarding-house, where were inmates of various nations, in the suburb of Chaillot.

"I had there to study many characters, but the one I should have most liked to see had whimsically disappeared some time before. He belonged to a numerous sect in Paris, the members of which were almost as worthless, and unprofitable to society, as were the cloistered cenobites of their day. These animals, priding themselves on being classed among the *petite noblesse* of the kingdom, and barely provided with what sufficed for their support, disdained to follow any avocation or pursuit, and condemned themselves to perpetual celibacy. The one in question had a hair-dresser who was so lucky as to gain a *terme* in the lottery, the amount of which, put out to interest, yielded him a yearly revenue somewhat greater than that of his employer. That a plebeian so immediately and servilely connected with him should possess this advantage, wrought so sensibly on the imagination of the latter, that, at the public table, he frequently declared it to be his resolution to hang himself. The *Maître de pension*, judging him at length to be in earnest, reasoned with him, and acquainted his sister with the particulars of this strange mental aberration. She likewise brought her eloquence into exercise; but the impression was too strong: he was found, in the Bois de Boulogne, suspended from the branch of a tree, a few weeks before I took up my abode at Chaillot.

"A coachman, in the service of a nobleman, was discarded late at night for drunkenness. In staggering homeward to his wife, and family of small children, he had to pass a lottery-office, which was still open. Having entered, he advanced boldly to the counter, 'Stand aside, fellow, with your paltry adven-

ture of twenty-four sous, while I serve these gentlemen,' said the lady who gave out the tickets. 'Mine is not to be a paltry adventure, as you impertinently call it,' retorted the drunken man; and on the counter he threw a bright louis d'or, one of eleven he had just received as his wages. 'What are your numbers, and how do you stake them?' inquired Madame, winking to the gentlemen at the excellence of the joke. He would have, he said, a *terme sec*, but as to the numbers, he would leave them to her choice. The billet, containing three numbers jestingly written down, was delivered accordingly.

"Coachey did not find his way home, and was just recovered from his drowsy intoxication, when, at a few minutes after nine in the morning, he saw, placed in front of another lottery-office, the board which displayed the five fortunate numbers that had started from the wheel. He had a faint recollection of what had passed overnight, and drew from his pocket a billet, which agreed, in its inscribed numbers, with three of the numbers on the board. He hastened back to the lucky office, and demanded the five thousand five hundred louis which had fallen to his lot. They were paid to him punctually; but, on the other hand, the young lady looked for her present, which is customary on these occasions. 'Not one liard shall you have from me,' said the lucky adventurer. 'When I addressed myself to you last night for a billet, I was as blind as the fortune over which you preside. To the sharpness of your sight I owe my fortunate *terme sec*; but you were insolent in the delivery. May this teach you not to scorn in future the venture of the poor man, whom misery, and not a thirst after superfluous riches, may have led to your office, to try his fortune.'

"The capricious goddess still favoured this man, who was pointed out to me in his carriage, with a modest equipage. What has intoxicated so many others, had sobered him, probably for life.

"'Look to number one,' and 'mind the main chance,' are of synonymous import; but the Parisians, both high and low, were looking anxiously, in the summer of 1786, to number forty-five, so celebrated with us in the turbulent days of Wilkes and liberty. According to expectancy, and supposing the chances alike, each of the numbers in the royal lottery of France, ought, in the revolutions of the wheel, to have been once drawn within the space of nine months. This unobtrusive number, however, had remained undrawn for nearly three years, and was, in common estimation, either bewitched or *plombé* (leadened.) Still it was to come up at last; and the government, to the end that it might not be oppressed by the weight of the noble metals laid on it, prudently ordained that it should not be speculated on, or ridden, as was once our phrase, without having other numbers, to a gross amount, in its train, to bear the greater part of the burden."

"A Deserter of a novel Character.—A naval officer who held a civil employment at Rhode Island, during the American war of independence, and who was of a spare, skeleton-like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night, on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry-box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock. 'My good fellow,' said Mr. W., 'I have told you who I am, and I really think you ought to take my word.' 'It will not do,' replied the

soldier: "I am by no means satisfied." Then, taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, "will that satisfy you?" "Why, yes, I think it will." "And, now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post." "I apprehended you," said the soldier, "as a deserter from the church-yard."

"The above officer, when a young man, and a stranger to London, stopped a gentleman to ask his way to the Admiralty. 'Are you not mistaken in your inquiry?' said the gentleman: 'I should think that your business lies with the Victualling Office.'

There goes Five: Tally!—A midshipman of the name of Dorcas was, at his own particular request, landed at Boston, from the Glasgow frigate, shortly after the breaking out of the above war, to serve as a volunteer with the British troops. In the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, he received no less than seventeen gunshot and other wounds. Those earliest inflicted did not in any degree abate his ardour for the fight. In dealing out his blows, and making good his way through the throng of the American soldiery, the fifth wound was dealt out to him, and followed by his exclamation of, *There goes five: Tally!* He was ever after known among the Americans, who were too brave themselves not to admire this trait of heroism and cool intrepidity, as *Tally Dorcas*."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

*The former celebrated Earl of SANDWICH,
First Lord of the Admiralty.*

No noble patron of music and musicians calls forth more grateful reminiscences from an old Professor, than this highly gifted personage—born to disseminate and encourage all the rising talents in various arts and sciences scattered by the bountiful hand of nature in this our happy Isle—equally capable and disposed to patronize Cook's circumnavigation, and Westminster Abbey commemoration—without mentioning him as a great statesman and an able and collected orator in the House of Peers.—But whither am I wandering?—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

This Nobleman, in conjunction with a few other illustrious amateurs of title and fashion, established a catch and glee club in the beginning of his late Majesty's reign, at the Thatch'd House, St. James's street; and the more to stimulate emulation in that most fascinating style of vocalism, and to preserve and carry down to latest posterity, the Madrigal, the Canon (a mathematical composition like *Non nobis domine*) the Catch, the serious and cheerful Glee, four gold medals, value 10 guineas each, were awarded to the best in each class annually, and I believe still continue to be awarded.

To this same Nobleman and his friends we are indebted for so many *moreaux* of divine vocal efforts of our great glee composers:—"To Webb, for his 'Come live with me and be my love;'" Dr. Cook, for "Hark, the Jark at Heaven's gate sings;" Stafford Smith, for "Hark, the hollow woods resounding;" R. J. S. Stevens, for "Sigh no more, ladies;" Dr. Calcott, for "Red Cross Knights;" and to Dr. Arne, for "Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse." Webb's glee to "Glorious Apollo," and Billington's "Glorious Apollo's Reply," all combine to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Ld. SANDWICH was of a tall, robust figure,

with a countenance full of intelligence and hilarity. His ministerial occupations did not hinder him occasionally to relax, both winter and summer, either at private or public concerts, or in barges with music parties, where he was the life and soul of the company; and he himself was to be found joining in the catch and glee. I often met him at the celebrated Mr. Sharp's, the surgeon in the Old Jury;—where Granville Sharp accompanied on a double flute, and his brother on the hautboy; a third brother on the serpent; Giardini led this elegant little band; and my Lord Sandwich beat the kettle-drums in a masterly style.

This Nobleman died full of years and honours; and there are many professors still living, who remember as well as the writer, the inspiring effects of such patronage and exemplary kindness to all of us.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Jan. 30, 1834.

LITERATURE and science have sustained a severe and unexpected loss by the death of M. Langles, the celebrated Orientalist. He was one of the oldest Members of the *Institut*; Professeur à l'école spéciale des langues Orientales; Conservateur Administrateur de Manuscrits Orientaux de la Bibliothèque Royale; Member of various foreign Societies; Chevalier of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and of the *Ordre de Saint Vladimir*, &c. &c. He was a native of Picardy, devoted from his youth to Oriental studies, was in full activity, and presided at a meeting of the New Geographical Society only a few days before his death. His sprightliness and energy indicated a fund of health; and his friends calculated on his society, and the Savans on his aid, for years to come, for he died in his 60th year. He will not easily be replaced. As a linguist, professors may be found to equal or surpass him in particular languages, but as a general Oriental scholar he was almost unrivalled. His knowledge of Eastern history, antiquities, authors, curiosities, customs, &c. was the result of enthusiastic and persevering research. He spared neither trouble nor expense; he grouped round himself the best productions of the writers of all countries, the most intelligent travellers, and the most industrious students. His collection of books, manuscripts, and engravings, is magnificent; and his salons were the resort of all the most interesting and most valuable professors or lovers of the sciences that resided in or visited the French metropolis. His death has produced an unusual sensation, for it has come home to every one's habits and enjoyments. Twice every month, on the first and third Tuesday evenings, his salons were opened; his tables were spread with the newest and richest productions of the literature of all countries. Forty, fifty, sixty, and more persons of learning and distinction were collected from the most distant parts of the world; the colours and costumes of various climes and countries gave a sort of general character to the meeting; the business of literature was despatched, and the pleasures of literature enjoyed at the same time. A sort of *bourse* or exchange was established, at the expense of an individual, who was as hospitable in the administration of his refreshments to the bodies of his guests as he was liberal in the communication of all that was demanded from his stores of learning and information. It is to be regretted, and is no doubt deeply regretted by the surviving parties, that a mis-

understanding should have existed between him and M. Silvestre de Sacy, Abel Remusat, and other distinguished Professors, which took a more serious character after the establishment of the Asiatic Society. M. Langles would not become a member, and even expressed himself, on some occasions, in terms of disapprobation of the proceedings and productions of that body. Had he lived, it is to be hoped that some accommodation would have taken place; and his death should teach us all to be slow to permit alienation to take place, but never to defer the moment of intended reconciliation. In some of his public employments, it is probable, he may be succeeded by M. Chézy.

We have also lost, though not unexpectedly, an eminent painter, Géricault. He has left a great number of fine pictures, which will shortly be brought to sale.

In less than a week, the *Trois Nouvelles Messéniennes* of M. Casimir Delavigne have arrived at a third edition. M. Delavigne is indeed our national poet, and he may justly appropriate the tribute of his countrymen, who apply to him the *Vires acquirit eundo*. The first of these *Messéniennes* is entitled *Tyrte aux Grecs*, in which a young Greek quits his country, where liberty is proscribed, and seeks it in other lands; and the third is addressed to Napoleon.

M. Campenon, Member of the Academy, has just published "Letters on the Life and Writings of Ducis."

A sort of literary revolution has taken place in the College of *Louis le Grand*: above forty of the élèves have been suddenly dismissed; and it is said that on the fête of Charlemagne, three days since, they refused to drink the health of the King.

An idler has amused himself by calculating, that according to the amount of the French budget (nine millions of francs) twenty-eight francs must enter the Treasury every second; and on the calculation of thirty millions of inhabitants, each inhabitant pays at the rate of twenty-nine francs per head to the State.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. THE COMET.

At the meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Jan. 26, Dr. Brinkley communicated the Elements of the Orbit of the Comet from Observations made at the Observatory of Trinity College, Dublin:

Perihelion distance 0,3640 the Earth's mean distance from the Sun being unity.
Time of passage through Perihelion, Dec. 6, 13^h 7^m 45^s
mean time, at Observatory, T. C. D.
Inclination 75° 47' 30".
Ascending Node 302° 51' 40".
Perihelion 209° 30' 50".
Motion Retrograde.

It does not appear that this Comet is recorded to have been observed before. The Comet of 1677 nearly agrees as to its perihelion distance and the inclination of its orbit, but not as to its other elements. At this time (Jan. 26) the Comet is distant from us about 46 millions of miles, and is now nearer than it has yet been; but on account of its greater distance from the Sun, its light has become much weakened. Its distance from the Earth will soon increase.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The mild weather of December has continued during January, and it was not till the 20th ultimo, that a frost commenced, which may probably last eight or ten days. Such weather has been singularly favourable for

every operation of agriculture, and being dry even admitted the carting out of manure. Spring ploughings are far advanced in the southern districts, and the bean crop drilled or dibbled in, in many places. Lambing has gone on favourably: butcher meat and poultry are cheap, and of excellent quality: corn is rather on the rise, from the increased demand, and in some respects the rather diminished growth of that article of late, and the moderate stock on hand.

The operations of February are those of January in the early part of the month; and the sowing of spring wheat, oats, and beans, during the latter fortnight. As there is commonly a good deal of rain or snow during this month, great attention should be had to keep ditches and water furrows clear of obstructions of every kind. Where the mole plough is to be used on meadow land, this is the best season for its application. A very good substitute for the mole plough is to draw furrows with the common Scotch plough every fifteen or twenty feet distance, or in the bottom of the old furrows where such exist; to pare off the shoulder of the upturned furrow-slice with a spade, and scatter the loose earth about, and then return the remainder of the slice to its place. A subterraneous gutter is thus formed, into which the surface water will sink and run off, at the lowest part or parts of the fields, in an open gutter. Such subterraneous gutters do not cost a third of those made by a mole plough; do not poach the ground so much in making; and will last nearly if not altogether as long: for the failure of these sort of drains, by whatever sort of plough they are made, is not general throughout their whole length, but partial and in particular places, by the operations of moles, the treading of cattle, rank growth of weeds, &c.

The products peculiar to the month of February, which the farmer can take to market, are few, and chiefly house-fed lamb. But his potatoes, turnips, butter, and in short most common articles, bring the best price of the year during this month and the next.

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

THE SYSTEM OF MR. HAMILTON.

As A. B. C. of Dublin, interrogates us upon this subject, our reply to him may be generally accepted. In instructing adults in languages, we think (as far as a slight examination entitles us to speak) Mr. Hamilton's system may be usefully persevered in. The reiteration of the lessons by the whole number of scholars, impresses them strongly upon the memory, and has much the effect of the Bell system of mutual instruction. Thus the words of a foreign tongue are more quickly acquired than by the common method of teaching. But it appears to us that after the pupil has learnt the meaning of words so as to be able to translate them, he has still, a very difficult grammatical duty to overcome, and a still more troublesome task if ever he endeavours to speak the language with a proper pronunciation. It should be understood that the latter is not at all attended to in the first instance, and that the French word *Dieux* may be pronounced by the whole class in succession as each individual pleases, Dew, Dukes, Di-ux, Dô, &c. &c. By this means a habit must be acquired not very easily shaken off: still, however, the knowledge of the written language is rapidly obtained.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 30.—Saturday last, being Bachelors of Arts Commencement, the following 220 gentlemen were admitted to that degree:—

King's College.—Mr. Wilder.

Trinity.—Messrs. Barham, Beaumont, Browne, Campbell, Cresswell, Edwards, Foster, France, Gibson, Gurney, Hencage, Jeremie, Kinsey, Lawton, London, Lockwood, Lodge, Mackay, Malkin, Martin, Pigott, Remington, Ricardo, Robinson, Rodmet, Smith, Start, Sturges, Tennant, Thistlethwaite, Thomas, Thornton, Turner, Utten, White, Wood.

St. John's.—Messrs. Benson, Benyon, Blundell, Bromilow, Brown, Carrighan, Carter, Clay, Coleridge, Cowling, Dayman, Dighton, Dove, Drake, Duck, Dunderdale, Ferris, Foster, Francis, Gatensby, Grant, Green, Halton, Hannam, Hepper, Hills, Huxley, Hyde, James, Jesson, Latten, Lawson, Lewis, Longfield, Lutwidge, Miller, Newnair, Osborne, Parry, Peart, Place, Prynne, Ruddock, Steele, Villiers, Wake, Wilde, Williams, Willmot, Wilson.

St. Peter's.—Messrs. Berry, Beville, Cobb, Dearden, Evans, Rockett, Wilson.

Clare Hall.—Messrs. Bazeley, Calcraft, Lagden, Lakes, Teeson, Whiter.

Fembroke.—Messrs. Arlett, Atkinson, Pooley, Rising, Sandys, Turner, Winbolt, Worsley, sen. Worsley, jun. Caius Coll.—Messrs. Arnold, Clayton, Cory, Guest, Image, Maxwell, Moore, Sendall, Senkler, Twiss, Walker, Wending.

Corpus Christi.—Messrs. Bowstead, Cock, Eyre, Greaves, Hammond, Hurring, Hooper, Spurgeon, Thomas, Turner.

Queens'—Messrs. Atkinson, sen. Atkinson, jun. Burn, Dunn, Dunning, Fry, Garton, Godfrey, Law, Layton, Longhurst, Madden, Madge, Meyrick, Padwick, Pickford, Ramshay, Whiting.

Catherine Hall.—Messrs. Beaver, Camidge, Carles, Frost, Gedge, Hall, Montague, Sidney, Wailes.

Jesus Coll.—Messrs. Arthy, Ashworth, Atkinson, Bartholomew, Bower, Crosse, Langdale, Manley, Moore, Palmer, Phillips, Phillips, Shaw, Spencer, Symes, Wade.

Christ's.—Messrs. Baines, Baldwin, Blomfield, Budge, Collins, Flaher, Hervey, Prentis, Severne, Walter, Waters, Wedgewood, Worsley, Young.

Magdalene.—Messrs. Blackburne, Crawley, Crosland, Evans, Finch, Ford, Hall, Hodgson, Owen, Wortham.

Emmanuel.—Messrs. Fearon, Gery, Green, Harford, Hotchkiss, Lloyd, Rishworth, Valpy, Warden, Watson, Wrey.

Sidney Sussex.—Messrs. Adams, Buckle, Fulcher, Farlong, Knight, Napleton, Saunders, Tucker, Wells.

Downing.—Messrs. Crawford, Heberden.

† Compounders.

Feb. 6.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25l. each, to the two best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were, on Friday last, adjudged to Mr. John Cowling, of St. John's College, and Mr. James Bowstead, of C. C. Coll. the first and second Wranglers.

At the congregation on Wednesday last, John Gaitskell, Esq. of Sidney College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

Members' Prizes.—The subjects for the present year are, for the

Senior Bachelors:—An recentium ingenii vim insanit veterum Poetarum exemplaria promoveat?

Middle Bachelors:—Quam potissimum causae Tragicæ Camœne apud Latinos offerant?

Parson Prize.—The passage fixed upon for the present year is—

Shakespeare—Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Scene I.

Beginning with

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow.

Ending with

Shylock. The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimeter Acatalecticum.

FINE ARTS.

BONE'S ENAMELS.

To the Elizabeth Gallery, (which is now drawing to a close) Mr. Bone has added a whole-length portrait of Henry VIII. from a painting by Holbein, and another of Queen Elizabeth, after a very curious painting by Zucchero. He has also finished a splendid copy of Diana and Acteon, from the original by Titian, in the possession of the Marquess of Stafford.

We congratulate the Artist upon this, as well as upon every performance of the kind, which he has snatched from the fire, and (as

far as any work of art can be considered so) out of the power of time.

His Gallery of Eminent Characters connected with the age of Elizabeth, while it reflects honour on his skill, perseverance, and industry, is no less interesting as a national work, undertaken by an individual at a loss of time and labour that justly entitles him to national consideration. He has indeed formed a series which may be viewed as holding no mean part in our monuments of British art; for, in making up this collection of enameled, Mr. Bone has had recourse to pictures of the rarest character, and of the highest authority; and by the liberality of the noblemen and gentlemen from whose galleries they were taken, has been enabled to perpetuate curiosities in art, no less interesting to the antiquary than to the amateur.

Gems of Art, No. 2. W. B. Cooke.

WARM as were our commendations of the first Number of this interesting work, it is with increased interest we regard its progress: the style of its execution, and the selection of subjects, are every way worthy of the public attention. Whether considered as an appendage to the library, or an addition to the port-folio, it does the greatest credit to the skill of the artists employed, as well as to the taste and arrangement of the publisher. And while we give our unqualified approbation to the publication before us, we must express our equal satisfaction at the liberality and kindness of His Majesty and the gentlemen who have afforded Mr. Cooke the means of enriching his "Gems of Art" from the pictures in their several collections.

The present number contains—Plate I. Meditation; engraved by W. Ward, A.R.A., from the original painting by Sir Jos. Reynolds, in the possession of M. M. Zachary, Esq. Plate II. Chelsea Reach, looking towards Battersea; engraved by Lupton, from an original drawing by T. Girtin, in the possession of B. G. Windus, Esq. Plate III. Holy Family; painted by Procaccini, and engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from the original. Plate IV. Distant view of Rome, from Tivoli; painted by Gaspar Poussin, engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from a picture in the possession of Frederick Perkins, Esq. Plate V. Moonlight; engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from a painting by Cuyt.

No. I. Views of Collegiate and Parochial Churches in Great Britain. From Drawings by J. P. Neale. Engraved by J. Le Kenx. With historical and architectural descriptions. Royal 8vo.

From the author of the History of Westminster Abbey we cannot be wrong in anticipating an excellent work; his talents, and the character he has established by that history, are sufficient guarantees. But were these wanting, this, his first Number of a new and most interesting design, would place us in confidence and security with regard to its execution and completion.

Dividing our ecclesiastical architecture (we know not on what certain data) into the Anglo-Saxon, the Norman, and the Pointed, it is proposed to publish in monthly parts (12 parts to form a vol. and 6 vols. the whole) a series of exterior and interior representations of these, as exhibited at various eras in the most remarkable specimens of our ancient collegiate and parochial churches. This will embrace fonts, altars, shrines, pulpits, chapels, chantries, and monuments; and indeed all that we look for with curiosity in a branch of study which has peculiar attrac-

tions, not only for the learned man but for every amiable and inquiring mind.

We have now before us an exquisite light engraving of Great Malvern Church; views in Jesus Chapel, and looking south-east within the same; and a Tomb, of the date of 1344, in Ingham church, Norfolk.*

Malvern was a seat of Anchorites before the Conquest;—formed by persons of greater sanctity than their brethren in Worcester Priory. It was afterwards more richly endowed by many royal benefactions and other bequests; till at the dissolution it was valued (see Dugdale and Speed) at between three and four hundred pounds. Mr. Neale's account of the antiquities, painted glass, &c. is very concisely and ably written; and, considered altogether, we can take upon us to give a high character of his publication.

* Our copy appears to want a plate of Ingham Church.

Liber Veritatis.—It is mentioned in the society of persons fond of the fine arts, that a *Liber Veritatis* from the pencil of Claude has been accidentally discovered in Spain, bought at a small price, and resold, to an English amateur of celebrity, for a good many hundreds of pounds. Report speaks highly of this unique and valuable work.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENTS BY L.E.L.

Sixth Series.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight, or a rose-bud morn
Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

THE STAR.

Oh, there are sorrows like blighted leaves,
And cares like the web which the spider weaves,
And doubts and tears, that claim a part
For each pulse that throbs and maddens my heart;
Yet still there is one fresh Eden spot,
Where sorrows and doubts and cares come not.
Yes, love! tho' withered my heart may be,
It yet has a gentle place for Thee.

I stood on a weary and wandering bark,
The heavens above in their midnight were dark,
And gloomily spread the mighty sea
In the depths of its drear immensity.
Yet amid the darkness one sweet star shone,
Like an angel of light, most lovely and lone;
And like that starbeam, I thought, to me
Is the influence sweet that has come from Thee.

Yet felt I sad, as I watched that star,
And fed on its beauty, to think how far
It shone; yet I deemed there might come a day
When the spirit should mingle and melt with its ray.

It was like an omen; and I hoped, though now
Apart with no solace save one dear vow, [be
That the time might come when thy lover should
Where his heart and his soul are, beloved one!
with Thee.

THE LAMP.

Brightly the stars shed their light,
Like love on the bosom of night,
Each rolls on his course, like a king
Come in pride and in triumphing
But brighter the lamp that shines
Through yonder lattice of vines.
Thrice glorious that sunstar above,
Bright Jove; and the fair Queen of Love
And Beauty yet holdeth her reign
O'er a glad and a lovely domain;
And their rays, like the shivering of spears,
Glance in silvery light thro' the spheres.
But give me the lamp that shines
Through yonder lattice of vines.

By that lamp bends a Maiden fair,
Shading off the fresh night air,
Lest the gentle flame should decay,
Nor brighten her wanderer's way.
Around stream her locks in their light,
And the rose-cheek and blue eye are bright,
Of the Maid by the lamp that shines
Through yonder casement of vines.
I am near to the casement now,
I can look on her graceful brow,
I can feel the light of her eye
As she smiles when her love is nigh.
Oh brighter to me by far
Than the blaze of each glorious star,
Is the light of the lamp that shines
Through yonder lattice of vines.

ROMANCE.

Maiden, listen! thy hunter's horn—
Thrice has the wind its echo borne;
Should not this our moment of meeting be?
Hast thou no answer, maiden, for me?

Ah, yes, I can hear thy silvery feet,
Like the lute's music, light and sweet;
Soft on the air comes the breath of thy sigh,
As the odours that tell when the Spring hours
are nigh.

Invisible, still I should feel thou wert near,
Be conscious that something was by me most dear.
Oh, haste thee, beloved, I've built thee a bower,
Not like the halls of thy father's tower—
Where the banners are sweeping o'er helm and
o'er plume,

And crimson and gold clothe each stately room—
Where censers are burning with incense and
light—

Where winecups of silver are foaming and bright—
Where an hundred minstrels sing thee to sleep—
While an hundred knights watch o'er those
slumbers keep—

But my bower is built by an old oak tree,
With an ivy and woodbine canopy;
And the turf beneath is thickly set
With primrose, lily, and violet.

The nightingale, love, shall thy minstrel be;
And my two dark hounds shall be guards for
thee;

And for crystal vases of eastern perfume, [bloom;
The wild rose in the freshness of morning shall
And more than all, thou shalt have for thy slave
A heart that will beat for thee till in the grave.

THE HUMOROUS REFUSAL,

Or sundry novel Objections against going to Sea.

Of a vein most facetious and quaint was Dick
Swill,

But the joys of the bottle his thoughts aye did fill;
One day to his sire, who made a great fuss
In begging to sea he would go, Dick spoke thus:

"Dear father, no further insist on this matter—
Ods heart! the trite subject is worn to a tatter;
But yet, ere in *toto* we wisely dismiss it,
Just hear me expound my refusal explicit:—

Your son well-advised from such dangers would
keep— [deep;

He's a vast deal too deep, Sir, to tempt the vast
Nor into the hazard of drowning e'er pops he;
Unless in epitome, drowning—by dropsy.

The ocean oh shun! would I say to my soul,
Or be thymain sport but a brimming punch-bowl.
Then, Sir, living at sea would be scarcely to me
life,

Who like to see life, though I like not a sea life.
Obeying, I quickly most wretched should be,
And besides being *sea sick*, quite *sick of the sea*.
What vessels care I for, save vessels of wine?
What anchors, save ankers of brandy divine?
Say, how can I harbour a thought about *Port*,
Save that which creates the gay Bacchanal's sport?
Besides, who could ever regard as a treat
That compound of leather and brine, their salt
meat? [drag on;

'Twere not fair to expect with such fare life to
No—give me a flagon—I'll ne'er think a flag on.
Then, hang it! that word of such ominous scope—
Rope's-end—which suggests the sad end by a rope.

But should some grand booty (like Colchic's rich
 fleece)

Reward my sea perils, thro' Fate's kind caprice,
Would there not *then*, you ask me, be argument
some for't?

Ah no!—I should be but *fleece'd* out of my comfort.
That man must possess, Sir, a mind that nought
minds, [winds;

Who at the ship's stern can endure the steep
Ah! think what a toil, in one's life's latter stage,
To be *ploughing* the main 'midst the *furrows* of
age!

I prefer a deep glass to the glassy deep, far,
And now *pitch* to oblivion all thoughts 'bout a *tar*.
Thus, as for the *sea*, my dear father now knows
all

The motives which urge me to *secede* the pro-
posal." G. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ON THE STATE OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS,
WITH REFERENCE TO MUSIC.

From *M. de Stendhal's Life of Rossini*.

PRUDENCE destroys music. The more a people
are impassioned, the less they have of reflection
and of habitual reason, the fonder they
will be of music.

The Frenchman is brisk and lively, but he
is very busy. Every career is open to his
ambition; and besides, the richest French-
man gambles away his income. The French-
man possesses both military and literary glory;
the name of Marengo is as celebrated in
Europe as that of Voltaire. When in the
world, that is to say, when there are three
persons present, his vanity occupies him either
in preparing its triumphs, or in guarding
against its mishaps. He passes his time in
the most serious manner, conjecturing the
probable fate of a pun; and reflection and
prudence never forsake him. Even in his
greatest gaiety he never surrenders himself
entirely and blindly to the fascination
of the moment, reckless of all consequences.
He is very amiable in society; but society
has become to him the principal business of
life. The French are the most witty, the most
agreeable, and hitherto the least musical
people in the universe.

The Italian, full of passion, and the Ger-
man, always led by his roving imagination,
and who inflames himself by the force of
fancy, are, on the contrary, people expressly
constituted for the illusions to which a duet
by Rossini or a charming air by Paisiello gives
birth. There is this difference in their music;
namely, that the cold rendering the organs of
the German coarser, his music is more noisy.
The same cold that freezes the forests of Ger-
many, and the want of wine, having deprived
him of voice, and his paternally feudal govern-
ment having caused him to contract habits of
unlimited patience, it is to instruments that
he has recourse for his musical sensations.
The Italian believes in God when he is afraid,
and is always plotting to deceive, because he
feels himself oppressed throughout life by the
most petty and inexorable tyranny. The
German, on the contrary, never deceives, and
believes every thing. The more he reasons,
the more he believes. M. de G... n, the first
jurisconsult in Germany, has seen ghosts in
his castle. The German has inherited from
the Germans of Tacitus an incredible honesty.
For instance, every German, before he marries
his wife, pays his addresses to her in public
for three or four years. In France, such a
proceeding would never be followed by a
wedding; in Germany it is rarely that it is
not so. In Germany, a girl of the higher
classes pouts at her lover, and seriously

scolds him if she unexpectedly discovers that he has no faith in the magical balls of Freibütt. The Count de W..., a young diplomatist, highly distinguished, and a very handsome man, related before me that he and his brothers, when seventeen years old, never failed to fast every year on the evening of the 9th of November, and to go next day into a certain valley of the Harz, to cast magical balls, their heads crowned with ivy, and using ceremonies prescribed by tradition. They were afterwards greatly astonished, when on firing, at six hundred paces distance, at a wild boar in the forest of Nordheim, they missed him. "And yet, (added the amiable Count de W..., smiling,) I am not a greater fool than others."

The Englishman is rendered melancholy by his Bible. His bishops and his lords have forbidden him, since the time of Locke, from occupying himself with reasoning. As soon as any one talks to him of some interesting discovery, of some sublime theory, he answers, "Of what use will that be to me at present?" He requires a practical and an immediate utility. Compelled to labour incessantly, that they may not die of hunger or want clothing, individuals belonging to the intelligent classes have not a moment to devote to the arts, which is a great disadvantage to them. The young people of Italy and Germany on the contrary pass their youth in making love; and even those who work the hardest are little annoyed by it, if we compare their light employments with the severe and barbarous labour which, thanks to the aristocracy and to Mr. Pitt, oppresses the poor English during twelve hours of the day. But the Englishman is supremely different. It is from this melancholy quality, the offspring of aristocracy and puritanism, that his love of music appears to me principally to proceed. The fear of exposing himself induces a young Englishman never to talk of his feelings. This discretion, dictated by a judicious self-love, is much in favour of music; he takes music for his confidant, and frequently resorts to it for the expression of his most deeply-seated sentiments.

It is sufficient to see the Beggar's Opera, or to hear Miss Stephens or the celebrated Tom Moore sing, to be satisfied that the Englishman has in himself very considerable susceptibility and love for music. This disposition appears to me to be more marked in Scotland; whether it is attributable to the Scotch having much more imagination, or to the leisure of the long winter evenings in that country.

And this brings us back to the great leisure of poor Italy. Music always requires great leisure, occupied by imagination. On arriving in Scotland for the first time, I landed at Inverness. By chance, I witnessed at that instant the funeral ceremonies of the Highlanders, and the wailings of the old women who surrounded "the clod of earth

* The Freibütt is a popular tradition, on which J. Paul has founded an affecting romance, and Maria Weber a noisy opera.

† At Liverpool I was shown children of fourteen years of age who worked from sixteen to eighteen hours daily! On that morning I was accidentally walking with some dandies of eighteen, who had an income of a hundred thousand francs, but not one idea,—not even that of throwing a shilling to those poor little wretches. The Italian is tyrannised over, but all his time is his own. The lazaroni of Naples follows freely his inclinations, like a wild boar in the depth of the forests. I consider him less unhappy, and above all, less brutish than the manufacturer of Birmingham. But moral brutalization is a contagious evil. The grossness of the labourer is far from having no influence on the lord.

which the divine breath had just ceased to animate." I said to myself, "This nation must be musical." The next morning, on passing through several villages, I heard music every where. True, it was not Italian music; but it was what was much better in Scotland, national and original music. I have no doubt that if Scotland, instead of being a poor had been a rich country; if chance had made Edinburgh like Petersburg, the residence of a powerful monarch, and the place of assembly of a rich and unemployed nobility, the natural spring of music which gushes forth among the sparkling rocks of old Caledonia would have been attended to, purified, and refined to the ideal; and that we should have spoken one day of the Scotch music as we now speak of the German music. The country which has produced the sad and interesting images of Ossian, and the Tales of My Landlord, the country which boasts of a Robert Burns, might undoubtedly give Europe a Haydn, or a Mozart. Burns was more than half a musician. But contemplate for a moment the history of Haydn's youth, and then look at Burns dying of wretchedness, and of the whisky which he drank in order to forget his wretchedness. If Haydn had not in his childhood met with three or four rich protectors, and a powerful institution (the School for the children of the choir of the Cathedral of Saint Etienne) the greatest harmonist of Germany would have been an indifferent cartwright at Rohran, in Hungary. Prince Esterhazy heard Haydn, and took him into his orchestra. Now a Hungarian prince is a very different kind of man from a fat, thinking peer in the neighbourhood of London. Consider the intimacy between Prince Esterhazy and Haydn, and you will find nothing astonishing in the different fates of Haydn and Burns, not even in the ostentatious statue which has just been erected to the memory of the latter.

For twenty years has a varnish of the basest hypocrisy spread itself, like a kind of leprosy, over the manners of the two most civilized nations in the world. With us, from the sub-prefect to the minister, every one, while he considers himself obliged to act a part towards his inferiors, laughs at the similar juggling of his superiors to himself. If a man who enjoys a pension of a thousand crowns is not so grateful as the donor thinks he ought to be; if he declines uttering a false opinion in one of the most trifling of the fine arts, there are toad-eaters always ready to make reports of the state of the public mind, by whose agency he is deprived of his pension. Thus another consistent circumstance, hypocrisy, has contributed to banish nature and gaiety from France. As for England, I will merely transcribe a phrase of her greatest poet's:—"The cant, which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers."

French hypocrisy has already destroyed painting; will it be able to entangle music in its tortuous folds?

There is nothing voluntary in the hypocrisy of the Italian. Danger is so near, that hypocrisy becomes only prudence, and is scarcely debasing.

* A prefect, under Napoleon, ordered one of the pupils of Professor Broussenet, at Montpellier, to be called before him, and said to him gravely, "Sir, the thesis you yesterday maintained is not catholic." This thesis related to a disorder in the lower abdomen, which occasioned melancholy. He ought to have said that it was the conscience which occasioned melancholy.

† Lord Byron, in his preface to the 6th, 7th, and 8th cantos of Don Juan.

THE LATE CHARLES DIBDIN.

A public dinner is announced for the 5th of March, at which nearly the whole musical talent of the Metropolis will assist, in aid of the subscription for erecting a Monument to the memory of the late Charles Dibdin. The selection of songs is to be from the number which he wrote, and which had such an inspiring effect upon the British Navy during that glorious contest which ended for want of enemies to conquer. This entertainment, if conducted, as we have no doubt it will be, with ability, must be a great treat; and not the less, as Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke is to preside. Dr. Kitchener presents Dibdin's own piano forte, and after answering the purposes of the evening, it is to be sold for the benefit of the fund. The monument has been given to M. Sevier, and a model will be exhibited. We trust it will be worthy of a man who at once adorned our national patriotism and lyrical literature; and whose productions, far surpassing in their influence those of the German Körner (already acknowledged by a grateful tribute by his country) had an incalculable effect upon the popular mind and energies of Great Britain.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

At this Theatre we have little or nothing of novelty to record. Liston has taken his departure for six weeks, and Oxberry succeeds him in the *Hypocrite* and *Dominie Sampson*. We were likewise favoured with the following Notice, which appeared in Tuesday's Bill:—"In consequence of the introduction of the horses in the Afterpiece, the Tournament will be omitted, and the Play terminate with the *Catastrophe*." Where does a Play usually terminate but with the *catastrophe*? O the seven Managers!

COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Tragedy of King Lear*, disfigured and disgraced with the alterations and additions of Tate, Colman, Garrick, and half a dozen others, who had vanity enough to suppose that they could improve this noble emanation of the Poet's mind—was represented at this Theatre on Monday evening. If the Managers are desirous, as they profess to be, of doing justice to those Plays of our immortal Bard that still keep possession of the Stage, what fairer opportunity could have presented itself than that of divesting this *Tragedy* of those absurdities and inconsistencies with which it has been encumbered,—restoring the original action of the Piece, and presenting it to the public with a becoming correctness in costume and decoration? At present, the mawkish love scenes between Edgar and Cordelia, the omission of some of the very finest passages of the text, and the ridiculous catastrophe that has been grafted upon the whole, detract greatly from its merits, and destroy much of the effect that is produced by the other parts of the performance. Mr. Young, who has attempted some of the boldest flights in the dramatic region, is the representative of Lear; but like all the actors within our recollection who have assumed the character, falls short, very short, of our preconceived ideas and expectations. Like his predecessors, he gets very well through the passionate speeches in the first Act, and the curse is delivered with sufficient energy and force; but when he arrives at the most trying part of the Play—when, in consequence of the ingratitude of his daughters,

his temper, always "choleric and sudden," fires his brain and drives him to desperation, —then the Actor's powers,—instead of rising in proportion to the difficulties of his situation, always appear to forsake him, and Lear becomes little better than a twaddling old man, imbecile in body and in mind, and consequently failing to excite those feelings in our breasts which his sorrows and his wrongs, when skilfully delineated, must always be calculated to produce. He made some of his points, however, pretty fairly. "Forget and forgive" was well delivered; and when we recollect that since the time of Garrick the part has never been adequately "topped," Mr. Young will probably not consider it as any very great disgrace to suffer a defeat, when he has so many greater actors than himself to share in his discomfiture. C. Kemble's Edgar, which has always been one of his most successful parts, is, if possible, more perfect than ever. There is not an attitude, a look, or a word, that we could wish to see altered. His performance from first to last is sustained with the same uniform degree of excellence —excellence that leaves all his competitors at an immeasurable distance behind him. Even his love-scenes, the introduction of which we have so much deprecated, display a taste and feeling that almost atone for the sins of the interpolator. Fawcett, in Kent, was much better than he usually is; we only wish he would be a little more correct in the words. Whatever liberties he may take with modern play-wrights, the language of Shakspeare, he may depend upon it, will admit of no improvement. Egerton's Glo'ster was a highly respectable performance. But Edmund should be given to a better actor than Abbott: it is a fine, bold part, and only requires to be put into good hands to make it strikingly effective. Of the ladies—of two of them at least—we hardly know how to speak. To say that Mrs. Vining and Mrs. Fancit represented such disgusting characters as Gonnerel and Regan with truth and fidelity, would perhaps appear but a doubtful sort of compliment: we must nevertheless observe, that they seemed to be quite at home in their respective parts. Miss Lacy's Cordelia was very superior to any thing we have hitherto seen her do; there was much in it both to praise and to admire; and we still entertain an opinion that, with a little care and instruction, she would turn out a very good tragic actress.

French Actors.—While our National Theatres are struggling so hard for existence, we thought it unkind (to say the least) to introduce another new corps of foreign Actors to perform light pieces at the Opera House. They did play one Thursday evening; but strong representations having been made to the Lord Chamberlain by the Proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, (who even threatened, as we hear, to shut their Houses and appeal to the public,) his Lordship has been pleased to interdict their further proceedings. It is still thought, however, that they will be able to act under an old licence for Music and Recitation, &c. at the Argyle Rooms, and thus, with the Opera and Tottenham Court Road, establish a third foreign Theatre in London.

Madame Catalani has been engaged for a limited number of nights to sing in the Opera at the King's Theatre. She is also to sing in Oratorios, which are to be given at the same Theatre on Fridays during Lent,—an ar-

raînement which must sadly interfere with the Drury Lane Oratorios of Mr. Bochsa.

On the 30th ult., John Bull, being at present il Panatico, or music mad, completely crammed Drury-lane Theatre for the Oratorio. The performances were, the Messiah as usual; the Day of Judgment by Schneider, unusual and never likely to be repeated; and a Miscellaneous Act, which being the simplest, pleased the most.

POLITICS.

PARLIAMENT met on Tuesday, and one of the most gratifying Speeches ever delivered was read by His Majesty's Commissioners on the occasion. No Amendments were moved; and the Country enjoys the prospect of unanimity in its councils, and prosperity in every quarter.

VARIETIES.

British Museum.—A Correspondent complains that persons allowed the use of the library of the British Museum, are not permitted to read in the new additional room opened for the public accommodation; though the old room is often inconveniently crowded.

Fontaine.—By an ordinance dated the 3d of December last, the King of France conferred a pension of 1500 francs on M. Hugues-Charles de la Fontaine, great grandson of La Fontaine, and his last and sole descendant in the direct male line. M. the Count Maria de Marsan, nephew of Hugues-Charles de la Fontaine, has long enjoyed a pension of equal value as the descendant by the female line of the great French poet.

A Correspondent wishes to be informed, "Whether there be any truth in the story that a Mask of Shakspeare has lately been discovered; or is he to place the tale among the many forgeries on the same subject?"

Mr. Billington, of Sunbury, has discovered that a tea-spoonful of fine powder of lump whiting, or finely scraped chalk, mixed up every time with the shaving lather, will completely and comfortably raise and smooth off every lady's husband's chin.

Apples.—It is stated on the authority of a gentleman at Easingwold, that the seeds in an apple which are perfect in form, without flat sides, produce trees of the same genuine fruit, while the compressed or flat seeds produce a bastard kind.

The Trocadero.—Messrs. Onizille and Petit Jean, two celebrated goldsmiths and jewellers of Paris, have constructed for the King of France a magnificent new year's gift. It is a fortress in massy silver, with gates of massy gold. On an esplanade in front of the drawbridge is planted a gold cannon, the discharges of which shake down from the inside a multitude of sugar-plums, which fill the ditches, and spread round the walls. This ingenious present, which bears the name of the Trocadero, was intended for the Duc de Bordeaux, to whom his Majesty immediately sent it.

Marie Antoinette and Vestris.—A foreign Journal quotes from the English Journals an anecdote (probably forged) of Rossini, which states, that some person having observed to him that his manner was perhaps rather too free, and might give offence at the Pavilion, he replied, that he had been invited to England as a man of genius, and had always been accustomed to behave to kings and emperors as if he were their equal. The journalist

then proceeds: "The English call this insolent bragging, elevation of character, and thus confound the noble pride of genius with the ridiculous arrogance of an audacious braggadocio (fanfaron)." Rossini puts us in mind of Vestris the opera dancer, who used to say, with all self-confidence, 'There are but three great men in Europe, the King of Prussia (Frederick II.) Voltaire, and myself.' But we will relate an anecdote of the same dancer, which is less known and equally extraordinary, which the Swan of Pesaro would certainly not disapprove. On Tuesday, July 16, 1784, the Count of Haga (Gustavus III. King of Sweden) was at the opera for the last time. The Queen was also present. She wished to amuse the illustrious stranger with the performance of young Vestris, whom he had not yet seen, that dancer having but just arrived from England, where he had been gathering applause and guineas. She sent word to him to dance. Young Vestris, who had the same arrogance as his father, answered, that he could not, because he had hurt his foot. The Queen being informed that it was a mere pretext, sent a message, requesting him to dance. Her request availed as little as her commands. This dancer, who had thus violated all decorum, was slightly punished for his impertinence, by being confined for a few days in the prison of La Force. Vestris, the father, being informed of his son's misconduct, publicly expressed to him the indignation which he felt at it: 'How, rascal, (said he,) the Queen of France *does her duty*; she *begs you to dance*; and you do not do yours! You are but a blackguard! I will deprive you of my name!'

Expedition.—"The curians of this capital," says a Parisian journal, "who had the good fortune to be on the Pont Neuf last Wednesday, at half past four o'clock, enjoyed a spectacle which they will long remember. A canoe of the smallest dimensions, scarcely capable of containing two persons, was anchored in the branch of the river under the Quay de la Vallée. The canoe, which was rigged and motionless, contained one single navigator, who appeared very ill at his ease, as this vessel in miniature inclined on one side. Presently a person on horseback entered the river, and, gently approaching the boat, contrived, after many precautions, to slip into the seat without upsetting it. The balance thus restored, the two navigators began to endeavour to put their vessel in motion. It seemed, however, to be fixed to its place by some supernatural power; and their united efforts produced no other effect than that of exciting the mirth of the spectators on the bridge and the quays. Wearied with repeated and useless attempts, one of the two mariners adopted the bold resolution of leaping into the river, which rose up to his middle. The jokes and laughter were now redoubled; some persons pretending that the vessel was intended to carry Rossini to London, by going down the Seine to Havre, crossing the Channel, and ascending the Thames to Westminster bridge; others as gravely affirming, that the canoe was to serve as a model for a new description of maritime packet. The two navigators, however, preserving their posts, the one in the river, the other in the canoe, succeeded in less than half an hour in moving their vessel about fifty feet; and sheltered themselves under the bridge from the malicious curiosity and gibes of the numerous spectators. Night at length terminated this comedy; one of the

pleasantest we ever saw performed in the open air.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Henry Phillips, the able Author of the "History of Cultivated Vegetables," &c. has a new work on the eve of publication, entitled, *Flora Historica, or the Three Seasons of the British Parterre*; with directions for cultivating baloons and other plants.

A Continuation of the "Recollections of an Eventful Life, chiefly passed in the Army," is in the press; and also, *Glasgow, a Satire*, by G. L. Amargo, Esq.

The *Charmes of Modern Literature*, selected from the pages of living Authors, for the most part from periodical works, is also announced by Mr. McPhun.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Warrenians, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Bentley's Book of the Church, 3 vols. 12mo. 3s.—The Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis the 14th, 8vo. 14s.—De Clifford, a Romance of the Red Rose, a Poem, 8vo. 12s.—Sir Andrew Sagittarius, or the Perils of Astronomy, 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Faint Errors and Fundamental Truths, 8vo. 9s.—Invisible, or the Temple, a Romance, 12mo. 7s.—Joanna, or the Female Slave, a Tale, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Smith's Hindustanee Interpreter, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Miller's Essay on Human Liberty, 8vo. 4s.—Ment's Version of the Psalms, 8vo. 12s.—Scott's Essays on Belles Lettres, 12mo. 7s.—Hassell's Camera, or Art of Drawing in Water Colours, 8vo. 6s.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. 9, New Series, 11. 11s. 6d.—Palmer's Costs in Parliament, 4to. 7s. 6d.—Mence's Law of Libel, Vol. 1, 8vo. 15s.—Phillips's Compendium of Algebra, 12mo. 3s.—The Statutes of the United Kingdom, 4th Geo. IV. 8vo. 28s.

PACIFIC.

Once on preaching an anniversary sermon before the Master of the Rolls, the Chaplain took for his text, "In the Temple doth every man speak of his Honour."

Master and Man.—The spirit of the following saying, strikes us as being highly characteristic of English independence. A respectable tradesman, who had been long in business, and during the latter years struggling against adverse circumstances, finally yielded to necessity, gave up his all, and became a daily labourer. An old friend commiserating this change of fortune, he replied, "For the last ten years I was a master, unable to pay my way; thank heaven I am now only a man."

A Barberous Fun.—The newspapers, for the last fortnight, have been studded with advertisements about the killing of bears for a quantity of grease, to give currency to all the mutton suet, goose fat, &c. sold under that appellation for the hair. Among the leading advertisers, is the person facetiously known during the O. P. riots, as *Barber-Ross-a*. Reading one of his announcements the other day, it was asked "Where do you think Ross gets his bears from?" to which a wag replied, "I have no doubt from his friend and namesake the Governor of Moscow; he that burnt the capital; of the same family; but who had Russianized his name and profession into *Ross-Top-Chin*."

A French Bull.—A Paris Journal states that one Dupuy, condemned to death at Lyons, had attempted suicide, first by poison, and then by knife; but, adds the editor, "medical assistance being promptly administered, he is now OUT OF DANGER (*hors de danger*), and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law."

Phrenological Phenomena.—In making experiments in comparative phrenology, a believer in that divine science mentioned his discovering that neither the cat nor the horse developed the organ of music: "That is very strange," (said I) since we make music of the guts of the one and the tail of the other."

Gout.—In our extracts from "Sweepings of my Study," there is related a Corsair cure for the gout, (the bastinado) which few sufferers, perhaps, would feel disposed to try. A gentleman groaning under the pangs of this disorder, was asked by a sympathizing friend, "Have you ever tried the Eau Medicinale?" "I have tried every kind of Oh," (he exclaimed with the true accent of pain) but they don't relieve me."

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 22	from 37 to 45	29.25 to 28.97
Friday..... 23	41 to 45	28.77 to 28.90
Saturday..... 24	37 to 45	29.53 to 29.79
Sunday..... 25	47 to 64	29.85 to 29.90
Monday..... 26	42 to 53	29.99 to 30.04
Tuesday..... 27	40 to 51	29.79 to 29.62
Wednesday..... 28	33 to 47	29.56 to 29.45

Prevailing wind SW.—Alternately clear and cloudy.

Rain at times.—Rain fallen .585 of an inch.

The Zodiacal light, on Tuesday evening, extended from the horizon in the SSW to the meridian, and though pale, was even stronger than that of the Milky Way; so much so, that Arctus, though only about 15 west of the meridian, was very much dimmed by it.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 29	from 34 to 43	29.61 to 29.93
Friday..... 30	25 to 38	30.03 to 29.92
Saturday..... 31	26 to 41	29.92 to 29.81
Sunday, Feb. 1	27 to 45	29.66 stat.
Monday..... 2	25 to 40	29.95 to 30.04
Tuesday..... 3	25 to 40	30.03 to 29.87
Wednesday..... 4	38 to 46	29.63 to 29.67

Prevailing wind SW.—The early part of the week fine and reasonable weather; on Tuesday the frost broke up.—Rain fallen .15 of an inch.

Edmonton. C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not heard of Mr. Prescott's attempt to overturn the Newtonian Theory.

Our friend, *Old Odity*, is thankfully informed that, of course, cuts up the first communication.

We never saw or heard of our namesake of Edinburgh; and consequently, if we desired it, could not refer to the Number mentioned by *Caledon*; but all we desire is, that it may do credit to its title.

We observe *Arconensis's* lines on the Bay of Naples in the N. M. Magazine.

We cannot notice matters sent to us so late as Thursday afternoon and Friday morning.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is Open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

The remaining Subscribers to the Engraving from Mr. West's picture of "Our Saviour Healing the Sick in the Temple," who have not received their Impressions, may receive them upon application at the British Institution.

THE GUILDFORD SUBSCRIPTION READING ROOM AND LIBRARY, 49, Lamb's Conduit-street, is supplied with the Morning and Evening Newspapers, the Weekly and Monthly Literary Reviews and Magazines, every New Work of interest, and a good Reference Library of standard Works in Biography, History, Drama, &c. &c.—The Room, which is furnished with the best Maps, &c. is OPEN from Nine in the Morning till Nine in the Evening.—Cards of Terms may be had of *Simpson Lee*, 49, Lamb's Conduit-street.

MESSRS. COLBURN & Co. beg leave respectfully to announce, that in consequence of the increasing nature of their Concerns, they have determined (for the convenience of each), to separate their Publishing Business from the Library; and that, in future, the same will be conducted by Mr. Colburn, at No. 8, New Burlington-street; and the latter (on a much more extended scale), by Messrs. Colburn, Saunders, & Odey, in Conduit-street. It is therefore requested, that all applications respecting the Publishing may in future be made in Burlington-street, and those to the Library, &c. exclusively in Conduit-street.—January 1824.

Romantic Scenery of the North.

Just published by Smith & Elder, 15, Abchurch-lane, 12s. 6d. **EDINBURGH: Engraved in the finest style** of Aquatinta, and exquisitely coloured after the original Drawing taken on the spot by Mr. John Clerk of London: being No. III. of a uniform Series of Views, which will comprise the principal Cities and Towns in Scotland; sketched from the most picturesque and favourite points of view, and coloured on the spot by the same eminent Artists, who made the Tour of Scotland last summer expressly for this great National Undertaking.—*James and David* are already published: *Perth and Elgin* will appear on the 50th inst; and two others Views every Month, till the Series, about 20 in number, be completed. Apply to the Publishers: to Edmonstone & Co. Edinburgh; Chalmers & Collins, Glasgow; or to the Agents in the different Towns; or to any respectable Bookseller or Stationer in the Kingdom.

BILLINGTONIAN SYSTEM OF SINGING.—In the Golden Bells. As an Addenda to the celebrated *Golden Bells*. "Glorious Apollo's Reply." Dedicated to the Miss Orsini.

Non Apollinis magis verum. Aque hoc, responsum esse.—Trenco. Preston, Dean-street, Solo.—Trico 8s.

Imperial 8vo. Price 6s. 4to. 4s. India, 10s.

VIEWS IN SPAIN. By EDWARD HAWKE.

LOCKER, Esq. F.R.S.—No. VII. containing, 1. Plaza S. Antonio, Cadix. 2. Valladolid, Leon. 3. Falling Towers, Zaragoza. 4. Alcala, Murcia. 5. Cerya, Catalonia.

This Work, (as yet completed in Twelve Numbers, to appear every Six Weeks,) will form an appropriate illustration of Mr. Southey's History of the Peninsular War.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Price 5s. boards.

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Colours; with Instructions for Sketching from Nature; comprising the whole Process of Water-coloured Drawing, familiarly explained in Drawing, Shadowing, and Tinting a complete Landscape in all its progressive Stages, and Directions for compounding and using Colours, Sepia, Indian Ink, Bistre, &c. By J. HANSELL, London: Printed for W. Simpkin & R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate-street.

Lackington's, Finchbury-square.—To Masters of Grammar Schools, Academies, and Private Teachers.

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